The Saturday Evening Post.

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CONDITIONS.

The *Saturday Evening Post* is published once a week, at $3 per annum, payable half yearly in advance—or THREE DOLLARS if not paid before the end of the year.

Subscribers will have the privilege to insert an advertisement, throughout the year, to the extent of half a square, at two dollars additional—with the customary allowance for renewals and alterations. Non-subscribers to pay at the rate of one dollar per square for three insertions.

A Letter Box will be found at the gate (No. 53 Market street) where Advertisements and Communications may be deposited—or they will be thankfully received in the Office back.

[For the Saturday Evening Post.]

TO MY WIFE.

The village lass to rustic lover wed,
With timid joy regards the nuptial bed,
While crimson tinges deck her lovely face
First shrinks from, then meets the fond embrace,
So now my muse unus'd to scenes like this,
With fear and pleasure feels your courting kiss—
She yields—is yours—obeys your friendly call:
Your smile, or censure bids her stand or fall.

THE ALPHABET.

And must I quit these busy scenes at last?
Beauty, wealth, and pleasure leave behind?
Can future time yield blessings like the past?
Doubt not, inquirer, fortune will be kind.

Elate with hope, not groundless, nought I fear;
Fame, with honour join'd, a noble guide,
Gives certain promise of a bless'd career;
How, prithee, then can aught of ill betide?

I covet not the charms of glittering wealth,
Justice, from all, with woman's fond regard,
Knowledge, increasing, competence and health,
Leave me but these, I'll count not fortune hard.

Mankind at large shall share my purse and skill;
Not rich, not servile, but with manly pride
Of temp'rate pleasure I'll partake my fill.
Poor yet *honest*, who will dare deride?

Quiet shall flow the crimson flood of life,
Reason at helm direct my bark in peace,
Secure from ill, I'll shun all needless strife,
'Till nature's parent bids existence cease.

Untimely should death's awful front appear,
Vice and envy shall rejoice alone—
Why do I pause? Why falls the pearly tear?
Xerxes's thoughts on frailty are my own.

Yield then your b'ssing, till in death,
Zephyrs to heaven waft my willing breath.

S.

[For the Saturday Evening Post.]

To Mr. ————.

Had'st thou ever lov'd like me,
And had thy vows been e'er sincere,
I would not now be left by thee,
To shed the vain, regretting tear.

Could that affection be unfeign'd,
When ev'ry solemn vow was broke,
And rapture to indifference chang'd,
For one short word in anger spoke?

No, Henry! 'twas a transient glow
That burn'd within thy fickle breast—
For ah! false Youth, too well I know,
Another has that heart possess'd.

CONSTANCE.

May 25, 1822.

[For the Saturday Evening Post.]

SONG—Tune, "*Love has Eyes.*"

My Love's away,
To sea, they say,
Fate decreed we must part;
Though absent far,
'Mid toils of war,
Hope whispers to my heart,
Though distant on the stormy main,
She softly says, we'll meet again.

My love is true,
For long I knew,
Falsehood ne'er fill'd his breast;
Where honour glows,
And kindness flows,
Love ever there will rest;
And, still through all my grief and pain,
Hope tells me, we will meet again.

CONSTANCE.

May 25, 1822.

[For the Saturday Evening Post.]

To Miss C——e.

When first I saw thy lovely face,
Adorn'd with ev'ry flowing grace,
Joyful emotions on me press'd,
With secret pleasure throbb'd my breast;
Enraptur'd, soon I sought thy charms,
And was receiv'd with open arms—
Thy love was all my joy—in fine,
I hop'd, ere long, to make thee mine.
But oh! what deep remorse and smart,
What poignant anguish wrung my heart,
When from thy presence I was spurn'd,
And all thy love to hatred turn'd.
Now thorns and thistles round me grow,
And nought on earth can cheer my woe:
Now cares and sorrows on me press,
I'm notic'd little—pitied less.
But I, dear girl, will think on thee,
Tho' thou art ever lost to me.
Thine iv'ry teeth, thy nectar lips,
Thy cheek that Sharon's rose outstrips,
Thy winning eyes, enchanting air,
Might well a stoic's peace ensnare.
Tho' robb'd of these, I calm can be,
And smile:—for thy felicity
Is still my ne'er unceasing pray'er—
May'st thou connubial blessings share.

CORYDON.

INTEGRITY.

Happy the breast which feels no guilty joy,
Nor tastes the pleasures won by smooth deceit,
Which knows each precious moment to employ,
In something which is truly good, or great.

Envy, then may breathe her deadly sighs,
Scandal's blasting influence diffuse,
Tho' the soul of innocence shall rise,
Tho' devils burn, what falsely they accuse.

THE BONNET.

Who's the maid with face so fair,
With lily hand and glove upon it,
With modest look and auburn hair,
And the curl beneath the bonnet.

With pouting lip and rosy cheek,
And modest dimple on it,
And eye of blue that seems to speak
So kind beneath the bonnet.

The graceful step of fairy foot,
With tiny slipper on it,
Oh! who could mark, and then be mute,
Such charms beneath the bonnet?

Where's the form and graces too,
To swell the song or sonnet:
Where's the look that is so true,
As the smile beneath the bonnet

Moral and Religious.

"O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to noble sallies of the soul!
Who think it solitude to be alone."

Cheerless and comfortless must be the life of that person who dreads to be alone—who prefers the most frivolous and insipid amusement, to calm and sober reflection. It has been deemed somewhat extraordinary that mankind in general know so little of themselves—that every person is more blind to his own failings, than to those of his neighbor—this, however, will not be found very remarkable, when it is considered, that most men seek an acquaintance with every body else rather than themselves. We willingly pass an hour in conversation with a neighbor—we scrutinize his character and conduct—we notice all his errors, his blemishes, his weaknesses; and we do not hesitate to suggest a mode of reformation. But how seldom do we bestow this trouble on ourselves—How loth are we to pass even a moment in solitude. How unwilling are we to search into our own hearts. With what reluctance do we observe our own frailties and follies; and how slow, how criminally negligent are we in reforming ourselves. Man loves himself better than any body else; and yet there is no one whose company he so much dreads.

SUNDAY.—What subject is better calculated for contemplation on this day, than the brevity of life, and the uncertainty of every earthly enjoyment? We hold our lives on a precarious tenure, and are liable to instant removal by Him, "in whom we live, move and have our being"—this hour, dearest connexions and most valuable friends appear in the pride and loveliness of youth—the next, ruffled in a ghastly shroud, the unenvied equipage of death!—Happy the man who can on this day retire within himself, and review those years which are gone forever, with pleasurable satisfaction—this is a luxury which only those who delight in relieving the distrest, pouring wine and oil in the wounded spirit—soothing by kind offices, the pillow of wretchedness and disease, can ever truly feel—and look with exulting confidence "*to another and a better world.*" For that Being who is emphatically styled the "GOD of LOVE," who delights in acts of beneficence and mercy, will ever reward the individual who considers every child of misfortune his brother, and who can weep, feelingly weep, over the misfortunes of his fellow man, and endeavour, by acts of benevolence and charity, to ameliorate the misfortunes incident to humanity, and wipe away every tear from the eye of misery.

How long must unhappy mortals continue to put on the weed of mourning, for the loss of friends?—the sable garb and melancholy countenances which continually meet our view in the assemblies of the living, wound the feelings of sympathy, and tell us this mournful truth, that the Grave is the end of all. In vain do we attempt to shun its dark and damp embrace. The infant, ere it can lisp its mother's name, and the sportive child, must die. The youth, flushed with the bloom of spring, and rejoicing in health, suddenly droops, and falls in silence. Middle age dies like corn in summer. Old age is like the ripe and bending corn—has but a short way to fall—and dying, speaks the decay of nature. Disease, famine, and the sword—Time's Executioners—like wolves upon the watch, wait the unhappy victim at every corner, and he escapes one only to fall a prey to the other. To the trembling wretch, whose brow is blackened with the consciousness of crime, they come armed with tenfold terrors; but to the man of truth, like indifferent visitors, they are admitted, and he feels nothing but the inevitable blow.

THE OBSERVER—No. III.

Varium et mutabile semper.—Virgil.

[For the Saturday Evening Post.]

MY NEIGHBOUR.

I am a man possessed of a pretty competent fortune, with a wife and several children, and by my industry, taking care to observe a proper medium between extravagance and parsimony, I have been enabled to keep up a respectable and genteel appearance. You are to know, I dwell in one of the most pleasant and fashionable parts of the city. Next door to me, on the one side, is a Boarding-House of the first standing, the mistress of which, a middle aged bustling sort of a woman, for want of proper management, (I know not what else,) is continually borrowing something or other, such as spoons, glasses, china, chairs, &c. —Nor is it only now and then, for if it were I should not complain, but it is repeated almost every day. Oftentimes are we put to the most serious inconvenience by this means—you shall judge. A short time ago, a servant was dispatched into my house, with Mrs. Botherim's compliments, who requested the loan of a number of wine glasses; so many, however, that it left our family with but three, she having had a considerable increase of boarders that day. I was for flatly refusing such an unreasonable demand, but my wife, (who is, *without flattery*, one of the best of "women-kind," and withal of such a gentle disposition as would lend every thing rather than disoblige any one,) argued so strongly that I was e'en forced to let them go with as good a grace as possible. But as ill luck would have it, immediately after, several friends of mine happened to drop in, and it being nearly our dining hour, I invited them to stay, which they politely agreed to. We sat down—the cloth was removed, and there stood the three glasses full in view—I had hoped that my wife, although it would have been a painful task to her, had sent in to reclaim those which our neighbour had borrowed—but in this I was mistaken. There was seven of us at table, and of course we could not all be supplied from the few glasses which were remaining—in this dilemma, a thought suggested itself that some of them might possibly decline drinking—Mr Such-a-one, (said I, mentioning his name,) shall I have the pleasure of taking a glass of wine with you—no great pleasure, thinks I to myself—"Certainly," replied he, and immediately filled. Hope still clung to me, perhaps the others will not choose any, and all might yet be well—I addressed them generally, wishing by that manœuvre to escape, "Gentlemen, will none o' you take some wine"—but here again I had reason to find fault with Mrs. Botherim, for they all unhesitatingly complied with my invitation, and I was compelled to make an apology, by stating the case to them, when they very good humouredly agreed to use tumblers. Now, could any thing be more provoking than this Methinks I hear some sympathetic souls advising me to remove—to quit an elegant mansion, delightfully situated, on which I have bestowed numberless improvements, for the sake of ridding myself of such a troublesome acquaintance. *O tempora! O mores!* The difficulties attending such a change would counterbalance the benefits I might derive from it.

As I was loth to say any thing to Mrs. Botherim, I could think of no better plan than publishing the above in your entertaining paper, which I know she will get a sight of, and must be blind indeed if she does not apply it to herself R E.

[For the Saturday Evening Post.]

THE VILLAGE BRIDAL.

"The kirk is deck'd at morning tide,
"The tapers glimmer fair;
"The Priest and Bridegroom wait the bride,
"And dame and knight are there."—

The first glance of the morning had tipped with gold the loftiest trees of the forest, the glittering foliage quivered in the sunbeam, the far off tolling from the parish church hung listlessly on the ear, and all nature appeared sunk in the vacant indolence so peculiar to a summer morning in our "country of the sun."

As I strolled languidly up the little valley, in the bosom of which, hardly discernible from the density of the grove by which it was surrounded, stood the church, sometimes pausing to listen to the melody of the lark, who, perched upon a tree, carroll'd blithely to the rising sun. The notes reverberated along the valley and filled it with music, occasionally interrupted by the melancholy scream of the bittern, who flew far over us bending his solitary course to his mountain home, until the pale fac'd moon, the queen of night, should again resume her empire in the heavens.

The God of the harvest had shed his blessings upon the land, the field groaned beneath the waving grain, and the fruit tree bent under its load.

On entering the church, I conjectured, from the flowers with which the altar was fancifully ornamented, that a marriage was to be solemnized—nor was the idea erroneous, for the party now were approaching.

The Bride, a beautiful young lady of eighteen years, was led by her father to the foot of the altar—A wreath of roses, intermingled with lilies, were entwined in her auburn hair, which lay on her ivory neck in rich ringlets, while the expression of her countenance seemed to mock the splendour of the scene. The pallid hue of care was there, and her swoln eye-lids appeared hardly capable of repressing the tears which struggled for a passage. My heart rose to my lips at the sight of the "lamb led to the sacrifice."

At this moment the Bridegroom appeared—his age could not have been under fifty, and his countenance betrayed the existence within him of every passion calculated to chill the warm heart of a susceptible girl. A physiognomist would read legibly engraven there, irritability, avarice, jealousy. But he was rich—the lady was in poverty, and her father believed gold to be the only thing essential.

As the venerable priest pronounced the benediction, a convulsive groan from the opposite aisle drew my attention. The person from whom it proceeded, reclined against a pillar, enveloped in a mantle, regarding the ceremony with the most earnest attention. The mournful sound had also attracted the notice of the poor Bride, who, after casting a hasty glance in the direction, shrieked and fainted. She was speedily recovered, and the marriage rites concluded—the pageant left the church, while I lingered behind, deeply pondering on the scene I had witnessed.

On enquiry at the village, I was informed briefly, Adolph, the man whose agony I had witnessed, was long a favoured lover of the Bride, but the stern fiat of her father had not only forbidden their union, but had compelled her marriage with the wealthy dotard who courted her acceptance.—The evening after the ceremony Adolph suddenly disappeared, and I prosecuted my journey.

Scarcely a twelvemonth had elapsed ere my vagrant disposition led me again to the same village. Again Ceres waved her golden arms o'er the fertile earth, and again the dull lengthened chime from the church summoned me thither. But how differently the peal broke upon the ear—before, it was the tolling of joy and revelry; it was now the knell which ushered a fellow being to the tomb—It was the funeral of the lady whose marriage I had witnessed under the same roof. She had meekly submitted to the commands of her parent, and wedded the object of her detestation.—Broken hearted at the loss of her lover, the worm of despair had revelled in her heart, and she gladly hailed the harbinger of dissolution.—The coffin rested on the foot of the altar where I had seen her kneeling—and her father, writhing under the punishment of his own reflections, leaned against the very pillar which had supported Adolph.

As the coffin was consigned to the earth, a door on the opposite side of the building flew open, and a man rushed wildly up the aisle, and gazing convulsively for a moment in the grave, precipitated himself into it. He was taken to the village, and every attention paid him, but in vain—He expired the same evening, and was buried in the grave of his Amelia. It was Adolph.

RAYMOND.

[For the Saturday Evening Post.]

THE BRIEF REMARKER.

To a mind delighting to dwell upon the rapid dissemination of knowledge, and to trace its effects upon the most powerful nations, none afford so ample a field as America; that happy country destined by an all-wise Providence, to rise pre-eminently great, and with all the majesty of Rome to celebrate within herself, things the most important and useful. Look back but a few centuries, and admire the pleasing contrast. Then the wild beasts of the forest roved unrestrained—then, those fair streams whose ports now filled with ships, were alone navigated by the Indian's canoe. Instead of the busy hum of civilized arts reverberating from the shores, there was nought but the piercing yell of triumphing barbarians. Who could anticipate so wonderful a change? May we not truly exclaim, "the ways of Providence are unsearchable and replete with wisdom!" What now presents itself to the admiring spectator? A country in the highest state of civilization—refined nearly in the same degree of manners and customs with that from which the inhabitants of this nation emanated. Literature is fast disseminating its enlightening beams over its surface. Genius has already given sufficient demonstrations of its abode among our countrymen. The specimens of mechanic arts exhibited to the world, have brought forth the humiliating confession from British Reviewers, that in this department America stands rival to England. Under such happy auspices of future renown, why need we heed the foul aspersions, foreigners have cast upon it? Sacrificing every jealous idea of our prosperity at the shrine of truth and justice, they represent us, as but just emerging from a state of barbarism. Prejudiced perhaps, from their infancy against these "rebel provinces," as they term them, they come out here as faithful chroniclers of our manners and customs. This is no hypothesis. It is what will be seen in their "travels."—We *know* it to be false; and we are assured that if the productions of Literature and Art meet with sufficient encouragement, Americans will in a short time justify the predictions of its future importance.

A PEEP AT MEXICO.

The following particulars relating to the City of Mexico, are extracted from a letter addressed to a gentleman in Kentucky, by his brother, dated the 8th of January, 1822

"On the 25th of November we arrived at the great city of Mexico, distant from Vera Cruz, about three hundred miles. The main road leading from one of these cities to the other is the best I ever travelled, although the country through which it passes is the most mountainous I ever beheld.—Mexico is surrounded by mountains, some of which are covered with snow all the year; they afford a grand and splendid prospect from the city, where gardens are covered with flowers and other vegetable productions at all seasons of the year I have ate ripe peaches in the morning at the foot of a mountain, and in the evening, after having passed the mountain, have seen orchards in bloom.

This country produces all the fruits of the West Indies, as well as those of North America; the apple comes to great perfection; the watermelon may be had every day in the year; potatoes, and in fact every thing that man can wish for, may be produced here, though the inhabitants live wretchedly; the city is filled with poor; you are attacked at every corner of the street by beggars—a large number of whom are able to work, but have been raised in indolence, and can do nothing except ride or back a mule, which is their only mode of transportation.

I have been informed that at the time Cortez conquered the city, it contained two hundred thousand inhabitants, and at the commencement of the revolution, one hundred and seventy thousand; at this time the population is calulated at one hundred and twenty thousand, two thirds of which are Indians, the most ignorant, superstitious and indolent people I have ever seen—they have been priest-ridden, and king-ridden, until they are neither fit for soldiers, sailors, or citizens. I have frequently visited the old palace of Montezuma, and have been in the room which he filled with gold to purchase peace of the Spaniards. I have likewise seen the large stone that Montezuma and his people worshipped—this stone is made to resemble the sun, and is about eight feet in diameter, of solid stone, on which is carved the figure of all the animals inhabiting this country—it is now put in front of the Cathedral as an ancient ornament. At this time I inhabit a part of the Viceroy's palace: it is a splendid building, and calculated to quarter twenty thousand dragoons; the lower story is all stables and granaries—the second, quarters for the soldiers—the third, offices of the government."

COMMUNICATION.

Messrs. Editors—I am again unwillingly dragged into the arena, to borrow the emphatic phrase of an enlightened modern writer, with whom emphasis and truth go hand in hand; and before I retire, if I cannot convince your correspondent of the injustice of his former remarks, I shall at least prove his futility in endeavouring to argue without grounds, and how unfounded his conclusions are, if he imagines that my silence is to follow as a consequence of his pertinacity, or that I shall calmly submit myself to his war of windy words—that he has been so mistaken he ingenuously makes no scruple of declaring: this acceded to, let me premise to him, what were the reasons that induced him to think that I should remain inactive when there was such a scope for useful retribution—did he imagine that I should tamely submit to his unnecessary, and, I repeat, unjustifiable aspersions, and leave him deliberately to plume himself on the extension of calumny that might have resulted from, and indeed the ostensible object of, his communication. This declaration indicates on his part a kind of conscious security in his own impotence that will not accord with the better feelings of independent minds, and operates at best but little to his advantage.

I am aware, gentlemen, that the expressions of honest indignation may be often construed into the mere wordy breathings of irritated passion, by those who have neither passion in their language or minds; and, perhaps, the "passion" attributed to me by your sagacious correspondent was more honourable and indeed praiseworthy, than that predetermined intention on the part of your Votary of Thespis at defamation and injustice, which it is unhappily evident was his professed design—Mine was the enthusiasm that glowed in the cause of right; and though I am willing to be censured in the means, I will find few, I hope, heartless enough to condemn my end.

What construction, gentlemen, are we to put on the paradoxical proposition in his first piece other than the one I have assigned to it? What other inference can we draw from it than that it applies most pointedly to the cause of our present discussion, and who with the slightest predisposition of judgment can attach to it any other meaning than the *literal* sense I have taken it in. In the plenitude of his discernment he has thought fit to arraign my wilful ignorance in perverting its sense, but again he most ungenerously refuses to give the least satisfaction on the subject leaving infinitely more room for surmises as to what *might* have been his intended meaning, than opportunities to censure me for subverting it. This is a miserable subterfuge from common sense or reason, and is unmanly and unfair.

It occurs to me, gentlemen, that I did not speak of "the transitory applause of a few friends" nor any thing to that purport: where is the justice in an assertion of this kind so unsupported by truth. It is true I did speak of the universal approbation of the house and the consequent hopes of success to be anticipated from such manifestation of good feeling: and I will be hardy enough again to repeat, that as such they were assure testimonies in his favour, as any thing your correspondent could say to endeavour to prove the contrary

I am accused of partiality in my opinion, an accusation that moves me 'not a jot,' but one which your *unknown* correspondent can not be allowed to have the slightest reason to substantiate: and which was still very unnecessary as it could prove nothing on either side; what follows leaves me abundant reason to tax him on the score of his modesty and diffidence—he, forsooth, has had opportunities of judging of oratory, and unhesitatingly denies the talent of judging it in others: with all due deference to his discrimination, I think I may be allowed to put my judgment in competition with his, without outraging in any sense the modesty of comparison. His assuming a superiority over me in this way does his modesty and my penetration little credit—it may impeach my judgment, but it certainly is not the less free from arrogance in him

"The applause of a few friends," "*and the noisy rabble ever ready to gratify their clamourous propensities*," ergo, all those that were unfortunate enough not to be included in the number of his friends, are obliged to come under the complimentary phrase of the "*noisy rabble!*" For the sake of justice, gentlemen, I would hope that this had never been penned, as by it the severest stigma is most unequivocally stamped on those that it were the vilest slander to apply to individually; and certainly of whose approbation and applause many a *Votary of Thespis* would be proud, and whose censure or commendation is as often an undeniable testimony of worth or its opposite, as the most laboured efforts of critical sagacity or taste. My knowledge of Latin is as limited as my use of it, and I boast not of perfection in either—my consolation shall be that I know sufficient of the English language to counteract the ill effects of its *misapplication* in others.

Gentlemen I have done, and I shall now close this involuntary, but very necessary trespass on your readers—*unprofitable* as this discussion may be, it is nevertheless a duty I owe myself, and which it would be a misfortune I should ever neglect to render, where such strong necessity demands it—the end of my displeasure is long since digested, to continue a metaphor at best but a poor one:—that the effect on others may be truly salutary is my wish—and of the means I have taken to make it so, you can now judge. In the universal language of Shakspeare, before retiring I can only say to your Votary of Thespis, with all the qualification of peace and good feeling, "Go on, I'll follow thee!"

D.

An old eastern tradition says, that while Adam and Eve were in the happy garden, there was sent down to them a present, consisting of twelve baskets filled with chit chat, and that the baskets being emptied, the contents were scattered about the garden. It happened in the mean time that Adam, being rather in a pensive thoughtful mood, paid less attention to this present than his partner did, so that he gathered but only three baskets full, while Eve nimbly collected, and carefully laid away for her use the other nine. The natural consequence was that the stock of small talk, which woman have, is in comparison with that of men, as nine to three.

Commerce, like Religion, is viewed by many only through the medium of its abuses. In all its legitimate operations it is the prompter of peace, of liberty and of civilization. While it supplies the conveniencies and luxuries of life, it makes the people of one country acquainted with those of another, and wears away those national prejudices which are too often the cause of jealousy and war. In addition to this it creates an extensive and powerful interest in favour of peace. All commercial countries are reciprocally customers to each other, and he is a poor calculator who does not study to be on friendly terms with his customers.

ON A GAMING HOUSE.

To this dark cave three gates pertain,
Hope, Infamy, and Death, we know;
'Tis by the first you entrance gain,
By the two last alone you go.

BANK NOTE EXCHANGE,

Corrected at Goodwin's Lottery Office.

PHILADELPHIA, June 1, 1822.

United States Branches, - - - par.
New-Hampshire, - - - - 2 per cent. dis.
Burlington, (Vert.) - - - - 3 per cent. dis.

Massachusetts.

	Discount		Discount.
Boston banks	1¼	Salem	1½
Springfield	1½	Worcester	1½
Hampshire	1½	Other notes	2

Rhode-Island.

Providence	2	Other notes	2
Washington	2		

Connecticut.

Middletown	1½	Bridgeport	1½
Phœnix bank	1½	Eagle Bank	1½
Derby	1½	Hartford	1½

New York.

New-York City	par	Catskill	1½
Jacob Barker's	90	Bank of Columbia	1½
Albany	1	Middle District	1½
Troy	1	Auburn	1½
Mohawk bank	1	Geneva	1½
Lansingburg	1	Columbia receivables	15
Newburg	1½	Utica	1½
Newburg branch,	1½	Plattsburg	3
Orange county	1½	Bank of Montreal	3
Ontario	1½	Canada bank	3

New-Jersey.

Jersey bank	par	Camden State bank	par
Banks in Newark	do.	Trenton do.	do.
New-Brunswick	do.	Elizabethtown do.	do.
Cumberland,	do.	Patterson do.	do.
Sussex Bank	do.	Morristown do.	do.

Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia	par	York Bank	1½
Easton	do.	Chambersburg	1½
Germantown	do.	Farmers' Bank of Reading	par
Montgomery county	do.	Gettysburg	1½
Chester county	do.	Carlisle Bank	1½
Delaware county	do.	Swatara, Harrisburg	1½
Lancaster Bank	do.	Pittsburgh	1½
Farmers' Bank of Lancaster	do.	Centre	12½
Harrisburg	do.	Silver Lake	60
Northampton	do.	Milton	15
N Hope Bridge Co.	do.	Greensburg	12½
Farmers' Bank of Bucks county	2	Brownsville	12½
		Other notes	no sale

Delaware.

Old Bank of Delaware	par	Wilmington and Brandywine	par
Farmers Bank at Dover and branches	do.	Commercial bank of Delaware	do.
Laurel bank	50	Branch at Milford	3

Maryland.

Baltimore	¾	Conococheague bank at Williamsport	2
City Bank	1½	Westminster	2
Annapolis	1½a2	Havre de Grace	2
Branch at Easton	1½	Elkton	1½
Do. at Fredericktown	1½	Bank of Caroline	15
Hagerstown	1½		

Virginia.

Richmond	1½	Branch at Romney	3
Branches	1½	Do. at Charlestown	3
Valley Bank	3	N. W. bank of Virginia, Wheeling	10
Branch at Leesburg	3		

District of Columbia.

Franklin Bank of Alexandria	no sale
All other District notes	1

North Carolina.

State bank at Raleigh and branches	8	Cape Fear	8
		Newbern	8

South Carolina.

State banks generally	3

Georgia.

State Banks generally	9
Augusta Bridge Company	no sale

Kentucky.

Bank of Kentucky and branches	no sale

Ohio.

Chillicothe	8	Most others	no sale

United States Bank Stock, 101 *a* 102.

☞ All kind of Bank Notes, especially those named above, are purchased and sold at GOODWIN'S OFFICE, at the lowest rates.

Bills on London—9 1-2 per cent. prem.

Drafts purchased on Augusta, (Geo.) Savannah, Charleston and Richmond.

PUBLIC SALES.

BY COMLY & TEVIS, Auc'rs.

No. 75 Market street.

DRY GOODS.

On Wednesday morning, at 9 o'clock, on a credit of 60 days, for approved notes,

A large assortment of fresh imported and seasonable DRY GOODS, in lots.

Also, a quantity of Domestic Sheetings, Shirtings, Cassinets, &c.

On Saturday morning, the 8th inst. at 9 o'clock, will be sold, on a credit,

An extensive assortment of DRY GOODS, suited to the season.

CARRIAGES AND GIGS.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully tenders his thanks for the patronage which has heretofore been bestowed upon him, and apprizes his friends and the public that his establishment has recently been improved, and augmented to an extent which enables him to supply the calls of his customers at the most immediate notice. His carriages are not only fitted up in an elegant manner, but constructed and furnished so as to be at once comfortable and commodious—his principal care having been to accommodate them to the several seasons of the year. In the selection of his coachmen he has been particularly careful, that they should be sober and skilful, and that their appearance should correspond with the equipage. Despatch, diligence and attention, will be constantly given to those who honour him with their commands. The dimensions of his stable being very extensive, he is willing to receive Horses at Livery.

He has provided his establishment with a very elegant HEARSE FOR FUNERALS, with Horses and Furniture corresponding with the Vehicle and its purpose.

Expresses sent to any part of the country at any hour.

JOHN CARTER,

In Prune street, between 5th and 6th streets.

dec. 22—tf

Wholesale and Retail Brewery.

THE Subscriber informs his friends and the public, that they can be supplied with FRESH BEER and ALE, at the following prices, viz. from five gallons and upwards, at the rate of 18¾ cents per gallon—Table Beer at 6¼ cents per gallon, Yeast, &c. WM. STEVENS,

No. 64, corner of Gray's alley and Front street.

sept 15—tf

JOB PRINTING

BANK Checks, Law Blanks,
Prices Current, Commercial Blanks,
Catalogues, Policies of Insurance,
Circular Letters, Bills of Lading,
Lottery Tickets, Lottery Bills,
Cards, and Hand Bills of every description,

Neatly executed at a short notice, on very reasonable terms.

Atkinson & Alexander,

No 53 Market street.

Foreign Intelligence.

Capt. Sketchley, of the ship Martha, arrived at New-York, has brought London papers to the evening of the 25th, and Liverpool papers, &c. to the 27th April, inclusive.

Shipwreck of the Albion Packet.

We have to record (says a Liverpool paper,) a melancholy event, in the loss of the packet ship Albion, from New-York to Liverpool. This fine vessel sailed from New York on the 1st April, with a crew of 24 men and about 28 passengers. On the 22d inst. she was entirely lost on the coast of Ireland, off Garrestown, near the Old Point of Kinsale. Only two passengers and seven of the crew were saved. All the particulars of this melancholy shipwreck which have been received in town up to the hour that we are writing, are contained in two letters published in the Mercury yesterday, and which we give beneath, the one from Jacob Mark, U.S. Consul at Kinsale, to Messrs. Cropper, Benson and Co. of this town: the other from an eye-witness of the scene, a Mr. Purcell, agent of the gentleman to whom the letter is addressed, and which had been forwarded here by this gentleman, for the information of those interested.

"*Kinsale, 4th Month* 22, 1822.

On my arrival at this place, early this morning, I was informed of the melancholy fate of the Albion, Capt. Williams, one of the line of packet ships from N. York to your port: she was cast away before daylight this morning, to the westward of the Old Head, near a place called Garrestown, and I grieve to say, poor Capt. Williams is no more.—There were 22 passengers on board, in the cabin, 15 men and 7 women, all of whom have met a watery grave, with the exception of one young man from Boston; and he is so exhausted, that he could not give the names of the others, or any particulars; seven of the crew are saved, one of the mates and six men. I am informed that there was a considerable sum in specie on board; part of the deck only floated ashore. Last night was very tempestuous; and, it seems, the ship lost her mast about 10 o'clock, carrying a press of sail off the land, wind S. S. E. which was the cause of the misfortune; it was about three o'clock this morning that she struck on a ledge of rocks, and went to pieces. I understand a few bales of cotton have come ashore. It is my intention to go to the spot, and render any service in my power to the unfortunate survivors; and if any thing particulars come to my knowledge, relative to this truly awful and melancholy catastrophe, I shall drop you a line. In haste, your sincere friend, JACOB MARK.

"To Messrs. Cropper, Benson & Co."

[ANOTHER LETTER.]

Garrestown, 22d April, 1822.

"Honored Sir—Some time before 4 o'clock this morning, I was informed that a ship was cast away on the rocks at the bottom of your dairy farms, to which place I immediately repaired, and at about the centre of the two farms found a vessel on the rocks, under a very high cliff At this time, as it blew a dreadful gale, with spring tide and approaching high water, the sea ran mountains high; however, I descended with some men as far down the cliff as the dashing of the sea would permit us to go with safety, and there had the horrid spectacle of viewing five dead bodies stretched on the deck, and four other fellow creatures distractedly calling for assistance, which we were unable to afford them, as certain death would have attended the attempt to render them any. Of those in this perilous situation, one was a female, whom, though it was impossible from the wind and the roaring of the sea to hear her, yet from her gestures, and the stretching out of her hands, we judged to be calling and imploring for our assistance. At this time the greater part of the vessel lay on a rock, and part of the stern, where this poor woman lay, projected over a narrow creek, that divides this rock from another. Here the sea ran over her with the greatest fury, yet she kept a firm hold, which it much astonished me that she could do; but we soon perceived that the vessel was broke across, where she projected over the rock, and after many waves dashing against her, this part of the vessel rolled into the waves, and he had the heart-rending misfortune of seeing the woman perish. The three men lay towards the stern of the vessel, one of whom stuck to a mast, which projected toward the cliff, to whom, after many attempts, we succeeded in throwing a rope, and brought him safe ashore. Another we also saved, but the constant dashing of the waves put an end to the sufferings of the others. This vessel proves to be the Albion packet, of N.York, Capt. Williams, which place she left on the 1st inst. for Liverpool, with a cargo of cotton, raw turpentine, &c. and with about 28 passengers. Her crew consisted of 24; and of the whole, there have been saved only nine, making the sufferers amount to 43. Out of the passengers there have been saved but two.—The bodies of five men and two women have been picked up. After doing every thing possible for these poor creatures, I exerted myself with Mr. Gibbons in saving the private property of the poor sailors and passengers, and succeeded in saving some of their trunks. I have brought four of these poor creatures here, Mr. Gibbons has taken three, and two more remain at the dairymen's houses, from whence they were too weak to be removed. Capt. Williams is among the sufferers. As I know your feelings towards those thus situated, I have taken the liberty of preparing some thin boards, to make coffins for these seven. She is now completely gone to pieces. She was, I think, as fine a vessel of her description as could be seen. My situation does not allow me say any more at present, as I was never more fatigued, and

"Remain, honored sir,

"Your ever grateful and faithful serv't.

(Signed) "JOHN PURCELL.

"To Thomas Rochford, Esq."

The Albion was insured at Liverpool, and also at N. York. She had $100,000 in specie on board.

On the news of the shipwreck being received at New-York, the colours of all the vessels in harbour were hoisted at half mast—The same manifestation of regret was displayed at Liverpool.

Accounts from Trieste state, that the Turkish squadron in the Gulf of Lepanto had surrendered to the Greeks by capitulation. From Epirus and Albania the accounts are favorable to the cause of the Greeks. Advices from Ancona confirm the defeat of the Turkish fleet, and the capture by the Greeks of twenty-five vessels of war, and four frigates. The Captain Bey, Ismael Gibraltar, and the Algerine Admiral, were among the prisoners. At Zitnie, near the celebrated pass of Thermopylæ, were Leonidas and his little Spartan band immortalized their names, the Greeks had gained a general victory, in which Ulysses was wounded. What glorious scenes in the history of ancient Greece are brought to mind at the mention of the names of Thermopylæ and Ulysses. May the Turks, in their present war with the Greeks, find every pass a Thermopylæ, and every opposing general a Leonidas!

It is asserted that the Russian ambassador at Vienna has formally demanded of the Austrian government the liberation of the brave Prince Ypsilanti, still confined in the fortress of Montgatz, in Hungary.

Public tranquility had been entirely re-established at Toulouse, in France.

The King of England is to visit Paris in June.

The intelligence from Ireland is much more favorable. The principal leaders of the discontented had been arrested, and the peasantry were coming forward to subscribe to the oath of allegiance.—It is announced that the potatoe crop in the counties of Clare, Kerry, Galway, Cork, Mayo, Roscommon and Limerick, is ascertained to be deficient. In Clare, it is stated, that 209,000 of the population will want for food till the coming of the crop, a period of three months. The oat and hay crop is so deficient that many cattle have already died. It is mentioned in the Clare Journal, as a melancholy instance of the distress of the people in that neighborhood, that in one week seven persons had been buried in the Parish, *who died from want!*

West India Trade.—A meeting of ship owners engaged in the West India trade had been held at London, and resolutions were passed in favor of renewing the commercial intercourse between the colonies and the United States of America. It was farther resolved, that the meeting should join the general ship-owners, in the object of maintaining a reduction of the West India dock charges. The Trade bill was to have a final reading in the House of Commons on the 29th of April, and there was no doubt of its passage.

South American Independence.—A letter from Paris of April 10th, states, that Mr. ZEA, the Colombian minister there, had delivered a diplomatic note to the ambassadors of the different European powers at the court of France, demanding the recognition of the independence of Colombia. It is said to be extremely well written, in bold and firm language.

SPAIN.—By accounts from Madrid it appears that the report of the assassination of Riego and the royal family, was without foundation. The term of Riego's office, as President of the Cortes, had expired, and Admiral Valdes, distinguished in the battle of Trafalgar, and recently governor of Cadiz, had been elected in his place. Nothing of importance had transpired at Madrid.

Advices from Lisbon of the 14th ult. left the Cortes engaged in discussing the future Commercial relations between Portugal and Brazil, and the remaining articles of the Constitution.

Such is the extent to which interested individuals have misled the public on the subject of war, that now it appears that the Note of the Reis Effendi is nothing more nor less than *the invention of some Speculators!*

FROM THE LONDON COURIER OF APRIL 25.

"*City*, 1 *o'clock.*—We were favoured with the perusal of letters received this morning from St. Petersburgh, dated 1st inst. from Odessa 29th, and from Constantinople the 23d ult. Their contents are of much importance. The negociations continued at Constantinople up to the 2d, with every prospect of an amicable adjustment of the differences. On the 28th of March, the English Consul at Odessa forwarded an important despatch from Lord Strangford to Petersburgh; and on the 23d the merchants at Constantinople were informed that the Austrian minister had dispatches to forward, and that the post would be sent off at 8 o'clock in the evening in place of midnight, the usual hour. These letters mention an engagement between the Turkish and Greek fleets in Patras Bay. The former are, in one account, represented to be completely successful. The Turkish government gave out that the Greek fleet was entirely destroyed; but another letter says only seven vessels were captured out of 71. The engagement was seen by the Rose sloop of war, the officers of which say, the Turkish vessels were fought with great gallantry. There was much bustle at Constantinople in getting vessels fitted out to cope with the Greeks; six sail of the line, seven frigates, and a great number of small vessels, were nearly ready for sea. From St. Petersburgh, the accounts are entirely of a pacific character. The exchange was still rising, and no person expected war. Some insubordination in the Russian army is stated to have taken place; four soldiers are reported to be sent off to Siberia."

We have received this morning German papers to the 17th instant, and copy from the Frankfort Journal the following remarkable article, which appeared in the Austrian Observer of the 12th inst. The Austrian Observer, our readers are probably aware, is considered as the official paper of the Austrian Government, and during the last two or three weeks it has maintained a studied silence upon the subject of the affairs of Turkey and Russia, which has excited the peculiar notice, and called forth the conjectures of continental politicians. At length, however, it speaks out, and in reference to its official character, what it says deserves much consideration, though it is somewhat obscurely delivered. After exposing the machinery of news-making, as practised by our foreign contemporaries, and not wholly unknown, we suspect, to some of our native ones, it concludes with the following remarkable declaration:—"We are *formally authorized to declare* that the reports which have been circulated for some weeks past in public papers, on the state of the negociations with the Porte, are *either entirely false, or mixed up with data partly true and partly false, so that they do not merit any credit whatever.*"

VIENNA, April 4.

We are still in the same uncertainty respecting the affairs of Turkey. The following are curious details of the grand sitting of the Divan, in which the question was decided:—

The question was to know whether the demands of Russia were admissible or not, after that power had declared that the unreserved acceptance of its demands would alone be satisfactory.—The Sultan heard the deliberations in this important sitting, concealed behind the curtain of a window opening from his cabinet into the council room. All the great men and Viziers of the Porte then at Constantinople were invited to attend; a similar invitation was sent to the chiefs of the Janissaries of the Ulemas. It was reasonably inferred that the question of peace or war was to be decided. (Here follows a list of many of the great officers of state, &c. who were present.)

The Mufti and chiefs of the Ulemas having declared that several of the demands of the Muscovites were contrary to the principles of Ismalism, and to the dignity of religion, the Grand Vizier, as President of the Divan, proposed the following questions:—

"Is it just and conformable to the principles of the Holy Koran to raise the standard of the Great Prophet, and call to arms the Mussulmen of the East and of the West, when demands like these indicated are addressed to the Prince of the Faithful?" On which the Mufti said, 'Yes, it is just.' These words were immediately repeated by all the Ulemas. The following question was next proposed:—"Is it just and wise to withdraw the Mussulmen from the Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, while the Muscovites have assembled on the frontiers a numerous corps, which they will not dissolve?" To which all those present answered unanimously, 'No; that would not be just, it would not be wise.'

The following questions were then discussed:

'Can the administration of the two frontier provinces be entrusted in future, as it has hitherto been, either to the perfidious and traitorous Greeks or Boyars?'—The answer was unanimously, 'No, that is impossible.'—'Can we restore to the rebellious Rajahs all their churches and their privileges so long as they obstinately persist in their disobedience to the Sublime Porte?' 'No, that cannot be.' The Sultan approved of all these decisions, and gave orders to the Grand Vizier to cause his intentions to be notified by the Reis Effendi to the Foreign Ambassadors, and to explain to them at the same time the reasons which had induced the Porte to take such a resolution.

It is calculated that the silver lead mines, now at work in Cornwall, and others about to commence, will in a few years, raise sufficient silver for the use of the kingdom. At Sir Christopher Hawkins's mine in that county, a plate of silver has been extracted which weighed nearly 400 lbs. This mine produces two and sometimes three such pieces a month.

A French paper contains the following remarkable case: A letter from Commercy, dated the 2d of April states, that the widow Hacquin, of Barle-Duc, aged 55 years, who lived quite easy upon the interest of her property in the Sinking Fund, died a few days since in the most deplorable and astonishing manner. We presume this death is a new example of the phenomenon called "spontaneous human combustion." This woman, who was corpulent, was according to report, in the habit of using spirituous liquors imprudently. A vase standing near her filled with burning coals, determined the inflammation of her body. She was burnt to a cinder inwardly. The extremities were not affected. The room and her clothing also escaped the fire. There are on record instances of internal combustion, but they are few, and the majority of these were occasioned by an excessive use of ardent spirits.

Pedestrianism.—The Grand Barclay Match of 1000 miles, in 1000 successive hours, is about to be attempted from the Hero of Maida, on the Edgeware road, at half-mile distance. The Herculean task is to be undertaken by a man of the name of Moses Josephs, commonly called the *Wandering Jew*, for a wager of 100 guineas. Considerable sums are depending on the event.

The Ladies of England are about to erect a grand colossal Bronze Statue, in compliment to the Duke of Wellington. The material of this largest work of the kind ever known, has been chiefly supplied from the cannon taken in victories of the Duke. It is to be erected in Hyde Park.

A fisherman lately drew out of the Seine, with his net, near the bridge of the Military School, several pieces of gold coin. A great number of individuals repaired to the spot, and were successful in getting up a great quantity of gold and silver pieces.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

We have much pleasure, (says the Winchester Republican of May 18th.) in presenting to the public the following original letters from the king and queen of one of the Sandwich Islands, written to a friend of missions in one of the northern states. It is interesting to the patriot to see the charitable institutions of his country extending their influence so *effectually* even to the Islands of the South Sea.

Copy of a letter from the King of Atooi, one of the Sandwich Islands, to Isaac W. Ruggles, Minister at Bainbridge, Chenango Co. N. Y. dated

"WYNAAH, ATOOI, Nov. 13, 1820.

"Dear Sir—I have never seen you, and perhaps I never shall. But I have seen your brother—he is now by my side. He has told me of you, and I am glad I am able to write you a short letter, and tell you how I feel thankful that some men and women have come so far into my land to instruct me and my children, who are ignorant. We have long needed somebody to teach us. We have not been told about that Great Spirit that made every thing. But your brother and the other people wish to have us know about it—I shall be very kind to the missionaries. I call your brother my son. I am as his father.—I have given him a house. I have given him land, and fishpond, and goats. I shall be glad to see my children taught and become good. I now close my letter with a request that you will write to me if you have an opportunity.

"Yours, &c.

"TAMOREE, King of Atooi."

Copy of a letter from Charlotte Talpoole, Queen of Atooi, to the sister of Mr. Samuel Huggles, Missionary at Atooi, same date as the preceding.

"Dear Friend—From this island, a great way off from the big country of America, I take my pen to address some white women, whose faces I have not seen, but whose names I have often heard mentioned. One year ago, I had not seen a woman of America—but now there are three at this place—one is your brother's wife, one is your sister, and one is Mrs. Witney. I am glad to have them live with me. They wish to do me good, and it will be a pleasure to me to do all that I can for them. I think many times that you will feel sorry not to see your friends again. We will be kind to them, and we need them more than you. I gave your brother some tappee* to send to you. If you get it, you can see what kind of cloth this people wear. Your brother told me that he thought your brother in America would send me some large red beads. If you ask him, I will thank you. I like red beads, and they are very scarce here. My husband sends his love to you.

"I am yours, &c.

"CHARLOTTE TALPOOLE,

"Queen of Atooi."

* These specimens are deposited in the cabinet of the Winchester Lyceum. They are flimsy cloths, made from the inner bark of trees.

PIRACY.

Capt. Thompson, of the sloop Jay, arrived at N. York from Gibara, (Cuba) furnishes the following narrative:

The Jay sailed from New-York on the 19th of February, bound to Principe. On the 6th of March carried away the head of the foremast, and put into Gibara to repair—proceeded thence on the 21st, and next day at 8 A. M. saw a schr. standing for us, a little to windward of Neuvitas. At 10, she fired a gun and hoisted Spanish colours—finding it impossible to escape, we hove to, when she ran along under our quarter, hailed, and ordered me on board with my papers. I went on board the pirate with two men, when they manned my boat with four men, and sent them on board the Jay, where they ordered the crew into the forecastle, and stood in for the land. The captain of the pirate began to question me respecting the cargo, to whom it belonged, &c. but I gave him no direct answer. He said he 'knew what was on board as well as I did—that he had friends at Gibara, who obtained the information for him—that the cargo belonged to Capt. Driggs, and if he could catch him he would hang him, but he would not hurt us, the cargo being all that he wanted.' At 12, they brought the sloop to anchor inside the reef to the westward of Neuvitas, and hauled their schooner alongside. They then ordered us all into the forecastle, except the boy, and placed a guard over it. They then commenced loading their schooner with our cargo, threatening the boy if he did not tell where the money and valuables were concealed they would kill him. After loading the schr. which captured us, they hauled another alongside and loaded her also, piling them 4 or 5 feet upon deck.

At half past four, the boy opened the forecastle and told us the pirates had gone. On coming upon deck, we saw the two schooners about three quarters of a mile from us, one towing the other. Our deck was strewed with broken boxes, soap, bottles, &c. They had taken from the cabin all our clothing, beds and bedding, watches, charts, and every thing that was in it, including the vessels papers, log book, &c. torn up the floor and broke most of the furniture. They took most of the cargo from the hold, and broke and injured what they left.

Captain Driggs, of the schooner Abigail, of this port, then lying at Gibara, hearing of the circumstance of my being captured, immediately fitted out his schooner to go in quest of the pirates, and hired men to go by land and cut off their retreat.

On my arrival at Gibara, I had the satisfaction to find that the men who were dispatched by land succeeded in taking them, and that the villains were then in prison. It was also ascertained they were the same who had captured the English schr. Sea Flower, twice, and robbed her in the same manner they did me. On the 17th of April, Capt. Driggs returned to Gibara, in company with the U. S. schr. Alligator. Capt. Stockton then went to the expense of taking all my crew to town, nine leagues, to have our depositions taken.

On going to the jail, we, with the crew of the English schooner, were ordered into a room, and brought out separately to identify the prisoners.—They were mixed in with a number of others, but every one of us agreed in selecting and swearing to those who robbed us. We found some of our clothes upon them, which, however, the governor refused to restore to us.

After all our depositions were taken, the judge said, if we were not there at the trial, which would take place in about two months, the prisoners would be set at liberty.

COMMUNICATION.

In consequence of a public notice, there met at the State House Yard, a large concourse of respectable citizens, on Saturday afternoon last, to take into consideration, the petitioning the common council, relative to rebuilding the market house, between Front and Second in High street. Whether from the inefficacy of the proceedings, or what other cause, we are not able to ascertain; but when an hour or more had elapsed after the time appointed, and no propositions having been made the assembly quietly dispersed; to the no small satisfaction of those who were in favour of rebuilding a receptacle for superior high flavoured

JERSEY HAMS, &c. &c.

COMMUNICATION.

Having visited the paintings at the Masonic Hall, executed by our native artist, Mr. Street, I would make a few remarks on them, severally, as they presented themselves. On entering the assembly room, we are immediately and forcibly struck with his infuriated Maniac—the light is so managed that he appears in perfect relief from the canvass, and we are instantaneously attracted to a nearer view of the terrific figure. On a closer approach, the objects of his fury are brought to our view—a person with his arm raised in defence, and a negro, who has been felled to the floor, shrinking from the Maniac, and in his fright seizing the keeper by the leg. These figures are well kept under shadow, so that the principal light falls on the Maniac, and on the floor about his feet; which I presume is the cause of the fine relief. It is more easy to conceive than express the effect which this painting had on my mind—it was that of the deepest sympathy.

Next we are attracted to Celadon and Amelia, and delighted with the harmony and soft tints of this picture. It forms a delightful contrast to the Maniac. The figures of Celadon and his Amelia are truly graceful, and very descriptive of the tale,

"As angels look
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
With love illumin'd high—"

is the countenance of Celadon. The floating drapery of the figures—the broken limb of the tree—the peculiar position of the bowling dog, and the gloomy sky, all indicate a violent storm. This picture is pathetic, and pleasing to contemplate.

Haman Accused—Mr. Street's last painting, I shall now speak of more particularly, as his former pictures are more generally known. The Queen is the most imposing figure in the picture, as the rays of light encircle her whole person. The eye is moderately carried from the Queen to Haman, and then to the King. Queen Esther is at *first view* a Jewess, and very beautiful—the costume is rich and flowing, and the posture of the extended arm peculiarly graceful. The expression of her features is not clearly defined at first, but after viewing the countenance and figure of Haman—the surprise and indignation of the King's countenance and manner; we should pronounce the triumphant air of the Queen's general appearance judicious. Haman's figure is noble: his position and countenance evince fear and guilt, though we can trace some vestiges of his former pomp and vanity still existing about the mouth and chin.—The picture is richly coloured and princely, and is, I conceive an honour to its author.

A friend to the genius of America.

COMMUNICATION.—TIVOLI THEATRE.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

Fair and just criticism has ever been considered as tending much to the improvement of the author, the artist or the actor, and 'tis equally true, that no public entertainment contributes more to rational enjoyment and the formation of taste, than a well regulated theatre. That the *Tivoli* may become of this description is the object of the writer of this communication. There is certainly talent enough in the company to render its performances worthy of public patronage, were it judiciously applied; and we may with truth remark, that Mrs. Pelby, Messrs. Hutton, Porter, Stone and Simpson, might be considered acquisitions to a theatre of a much higher standing than the Tivoli.

We attended on Monday evening the representation of Virginius, and in submitting to the public our opinion of the merits of the performance, shall endeavour strictly to follow the rule laid down in our *motto*.

Independent of the want of scenery, costume, and decorations, we venture to say the play of Virginius is one of the least calculated to display to advantage the talents of the corps, which we think decidedly *comic*. Mr. Hutton's conception of Virginius was no less vigorous and correct than we were led to expect, from an actor of sound judgment, and although his execution generally was highly respectable, his vociferating powers were too little restrained to delineate with truth the outraged feelings, and heart-rending anguish of the injured, affectionate and dignified Roman Father.

Mr. Porter's universally stiff and measured style of utterance did not do full justice to the nicer passion of the brave yet love-sick Icilius, and we regret that a performer, otherwise so pleasing, should so often deviate from truth and nature to manifest to the painfully convinced auditor the clearness and compass of an exceedingly fine voice.

Mr. Stone, although but partially recovered from a severe indisposition and wanting dignity and force throughout, discovered, as he invariably does, a thorough knowledge of his author, and deserved credit in the ambitious, tyrannical and uninteresting Appius Claudius.—In *comedy* this young gentleman is always respectable, but much study is yet requisite to enable him fully to overcome those *natural* barriers to *tragic* excellence, the want of a fine voice and commanding person. A few hints to the stage manager, relative to the disposition of the mutes and the business of the scenes, may appear hereafter: but we cannot refrain from noticing in this place the unruly conduct of a number of persons (*disguised as gentlemen*) who are in the habit of visiting the theatre, and being incapable of enjoying a rational amusement, from their own want of intellect, do, by their indecent mirth, scurrilous and profane remarks, mar the entertainment and disturb the audience, in opposition to the rules of the house, and general decorum. Such practices, if suffered to continue, injure the establishment, composed of young, and for the most part, self taught American actors, who by correct deportment, application, and commensurate improvement, may insure to themselves the approbation and support of all the *Friends of the Drama.*

Expedition to the Rocky Mountains.—A company of 180 adventurers are stated to have left St. Charles, Missouri, on the 10th of April, for the Rocky Mountains. They are described to be of vigorous and masculine appearance, well armed and prepared for a three years tour through this almost unknown and savage country. This expedition, it is added, can be truly said to be composed of the yeomanry of Missouri, who have embarked in an enterprise, which, if they are successful, will not only be very profitable to themselves, but a great national benefit; in laying the foundation for an extensive fur trade, and proving to the effeminate sons who remain at home, that activity is the true source of wealth and greatness. It is their intention to pass over to the Columbia, and from thence to the ocean. Trapping and hunting furs is their principal object, which the experience of those who have heretofore engaged in this business on a small scale has proved to be lucrative.

COMPLIMENTARY.—An English paper contains the lines of Florio on "Greece," published in the New-York Commercial Advertiser in October last, under the imposing head of "GREECE, *by the transatlantic Byron!*"

PUBLIC SALES.

BY COMLY & TEVIS, Auc'rs.

No. 73 MARKET STREET.

DRY GOODS.

On Wednesday morning, at 9 o'clock, on a credit of 60 days, for approved notes,

A large assortment of fresh imported and seasonable DRY GOODS, in lots.

Also, a quantity of Domestic Sheetings, Shirtings, Cassinets, &c.

On Saturday morning, the 15th inst. at 9 o'clock, will be sold, on a credit,

An extensive assortment of DRY GOODS, suited to the season.

ROBERT S. ENGLISH,

HOUSE CARPENTER, No. 31, Strawberry street, carries on all the various branches of Carpentry, on very reasonable terms for CASH. He will warrant his work to be equal, both for durability and elegance, to any in the city.

PACKING BOXES made at the shortest notice.

, All orders thankfully received and promptly executed. may 18—tf

Wholesale and Retail Brewery.

THE Subscriber informs his friends and the public, that they can be supplied with FRESH BEER and ALE, at the following prices, viz. from five gallons and upwards, at the rate of 18¾ cents per gallon—Table Beer at 6¼ cents per gallon, Yeast, &c. WM. STEVENS,

No. 64, corner of Gray's alley and Front street. sept 15—tf

THE CELEBRATED

CEYLON TOOTH POWDER.

THE recipe for this excellent Dentifrice was sent by a gentleman in the East Indies o his friend in England, where it is universally used and highly approved, being a preventative of the TOOTH-ACHE. It purifies and sweetens the Breath; causes the Teeth to be a beautiful white; improves the enamel and strengthens the Gums. Very few have been known to have the Tooth-ache, or Rheumatism in the Gums, who have constantly used it. For sale by THOMAS S. ANNERS, Sole Agent for the proprietor, No. 141 Chesnut street.

A liberal discount made to those who buy to sell again. Also a choice assortment of PERFUMERY.

Jan. 12—6m

John and Thomas Cluley,

WIRE FENDER and CAGE MAKERS, No. 17 South Fourth street, next door to the Indian Queen, manufacture all articles in the Wire line on reasonable terms. Orders from any part of the U. States promptly attended to. feb 2—tf

Mrs. Shallus's Circulating Library,

No. 94, SOUTH THIRD STREET.

MRS. S. informs her friends and the public in general, that she continues her establishment at No. 94 South Third street, where may be had, all the latest English and American publications.

In consequence of the present scarcity of money, all subscriptions commenced after the first of February, 1822, will be at $5 per year, $2 75 for 6 months, and $1 50 per quarter—Payable in advance.

N. B. Catalogues of the Library are just published, in which are included all the works.

feb 2—tf

CHARLES M'ARTHUR,

Silk, Woollen, and Cotton Dyer, &c. &c.

CONTINUES at the old established stand, No. 31 UNION STREET—where all orders in his line will be punctually attended to.

☞ Cloth, Silk Dresses and Shawls, &c dyed to any shade or pattern, at a short notice, and at very moderate prices. feb 2—tf

VENETIAN BLINDS,

MADE, painted, and fitted up in the best possible manner, at the Columbian Shade Manufactory, No. 104, North Fifth Street, Philadelphia, cheap for cash, or in exchange for Merchandise. As the subscriber devotes the whole of his time to this business, he flatters himself that he can give better satisfaction to his employers than those who are involved in a labyrinth of professions.—Orders from any part of the country executed with fidelity and despatch, by the public's faithful servant, JOHN YATMAN.

Jan 12—6m

BALM OF COLUMBIA.

An important recent Chemical discovery.

THE ladies and gentlemen of this city and elsewhere, are respectfully informed, that John Oldridge has fortunately discovered, by the power of chemistry, the grand desideratum of preventing Hair from falling off in FORTY-EIGHT HOURS. This balm will most absolutely, in the course of a short time, make the Hair grow *healthy* and *thick*. J. O. is well aware that many fraudulent and impositious Oils, &c. have been imposed on the public, and therefore prejudice will be severe against his discovery, until trial shall convince his patrons that such a thing exists in nature as a certain preventative against the loss of hair. This valuable balm will cause whiskers and beards to grow rapidly. No danger need be apprehended to the human system by the application of this capillary restorative. The public may rest assured that it helps nature, and is perfectly harmless.

Persons desirous of becoming agents for the sale of the Balm of Columbia, will please address the proprietor by letter, (post paid,) with a suitable reference.

Prepared and sold, at $1 a pint, or 50 cents for a half pint bottle, by JOHN OLDRIDGE, No. 55½ South Front street, and at No. 11 North Fourth street, Philadelphia.

RECOMMENDATION.

WE, the undersigned, do hereby certify, that we have, in various cases, used the Balm of Columbia, lately discovered by John Oldridge, of Philadelphia, and have found it highly serviceable not only as a preventative against the falling off of hair, but also as a restorative. We, therefore, feel assured of its excellence, and consider it valuable and well worthy the attention of the public. In testimony whereof, we have added our respective signatures, and given it our warmest recommendation.

Abraham A. Robinson, 55 South Front street.
Cromwell French, 1 Taylor's alley, S. Front st.
John Fink, Plumb street, between 3d and 4th.
John Cook, 36 Penn street.

The proprietor is in possession of many other respectable certificates, which he does not deem necessary to publish, but invites the public to call and see them. march 30—tf

TO RENT,

A CARPENTER'S SHOP, in a central situation and an excellent stand for business, having been occupied as such for a number of years past. For further information inquire of the printers.

For sale cheap, a large bulk Window, sliding sash, cases of drawers, doors, School Desks and Benches, &c. Apply as above. may 4—6t.

JOB PRINTING

BANK Checks,	Law Blanks,
Prices Current,	Commercial Blanks,
Catalogues,	Policies of Insurance,
Circular Letters,	Bills of Lading,
Lottery Tickets,	Lottery Bills,

Cards, and Hand Bills of every description,

Neatly executed at a short notice, on very reasonable terms

Atkinson & Alexander,

No 55 Market street.

From the New-York Commercial Advertiser.

THE ALBION.

Swift across the Atlantic's breast
Sped the gallant Albion,
When the sun set in the west,
And the blush of day was gone—
Proudly o'er the billows blue,
Spread each wide extended sail,
Then all hearts beat high, nor knew
Death was lurking in the gale.

Night her raven mantle threw
O'er the waters, dark and wild—
And the tempest-spirit flew
Where so late the sun had smil'd—
In the cloud-envelop'd sky
Ruin shewed his awful form,
While the seaman's fearful cry
Mingled with the raging storm.

Then fair woman's dying wail
Echoed on the foaming surge,
Mingling with the midnight gale,
By Hibernia's rocky verge—
Then the *chief who stood the fight
By thy side, Napoleon,
Trembled as the tempest's might
Shook the fated Albion.

Hark! that shout of wild dismay—
That death groan of agony,
As the grave receives its prey
In the deep devouring sea:—
See the mountain billows swell
O'er the reeling Albion—
Hark! that loud and last farewell,
She is heaving—she is gone!

FLORIO.

* General Desnouettes.

FOREIGN ARTICLES.

A skirmish is reported to have taken place on the Pruth between a Turkish detachment which had passed that river, and the Russian advanced posts, in which about forty of the former were made prisoners. The Russian forces on the Turkish frontier are estimated by the Paris journals at 300,000 men; the Turkish armies at nearly that amount, of whom 150,000 are Asiatic troops.

A Frankfort article of the 23d April says, "the numerous promotions in the Polish troops, and the measures taken by Austria to obviate the necessity of calling out the *Landwehr*, by increasing each regiment 300 men, are circumstances which promise a speedy rupture with Turkey."

Attempt of artificers to leave England.—At Chester Assizes, indictments were preferred against Thomas Evans, Wm. Robinson, John Widdowson, James Shaw, Henry Hill, John Swindells, and Wm. Cocking, for attempting to leave this country, and carry on their work in a foreign land. Mr. Williams was employed by them as counsel, and Mr. Brown, of London, as their solicitor, and at the suggestion of the Attorney-general, and by the advise of Mr. Williams, they were induced to plead *guilty* to the charge, and gave securities in 20*l.* each and two other sureties in 20*l.* not to leave England for three years.

The Dumfries Courier mentions the departure of two vessels, with emigrants for America, from that place, on Sunday and Wednesday last; and observes—"In the present group of 263 souls there are very few tradesmen; by far the greater number have been bred as farmers and farm servants, and some of them possess considerable property. One economical veteran, who wears 'a sack scarcely gude enough for a linseed bag,' carries out with him 1200*l.* in sovereigns, and there are numbers that can muster 50, 60, 70 and 100*l.* sterling.

A curious circumstance occurred in the Collegiate Church, Manchester, on the morning of Sunday the 7th ult. A young couple repaired, very lovingly, to the altr together, to be bound in the chains of Hymen. Already the 'white rob'd priest' had commenced the holy rites—the trembling maid extended her hand to receive the ring—the priest demanded of the bridegroom if he would have her for his wife, when behold he answered 'No!' and precipitately fled. It is impossible to describe the amazement of the forsaken damsel—she seemed as if awakening from a dream, and gazed horribly around, as if to seek her cruel—her perjured swain. But alas! he was forever gone—he had vanished from her sight—and she was left to console herself, as well as she could, for her cruel disappointment.

A young man in Methven lately paid his addresses to a young damsel of the same place. After the bans of marriage had been proclaimed, the maiden thought proper to draw back. In consequence, he raised an action against her before the sheriff, but the case having been consequently submitted to arbitration, it was decided that the maid should pay 20*l.* sterling of damages for her fickleness.—On hearing the decision, she offered to perform her original promise; but the swain indignantly refused her offer.

In the last seven years, the London Times has paid the enormous amount of 300,587*l.* 6*s.* to the British government for stamps and advertisement duty. "The *Queen's trial*, say the editors, a prodious monument of the wickedness and folly of the British Government, which we exerted ourselves in every way possible to expose—gave us an astonishing lift in the year 1820: in that year we paid the Government for the Times Journal, upwards of fifty five thousand pounds."

The following extempore conversation took place at the door of the Forth and Clyde Canal and Coach-office, Shakspeare square, Edinburgh, some time since, between Mr. Scott, the proprietor of the office, and a neighbor of his called Dewar:—

Mr. D.—Eh, Maester Scott
Can you change me a note?
Mr. S.—I'm nae vera sure—but I,ll see—
Eh, Maester Dewar,
It's not in my poore,
For my wife's gaen out wi' the key!

A lady sometime back on a visit to the British Museum, asked the person in attendance if they had a skull of Oliver Cromwell? Being answered in the negative, "Dear me," said she "that's very strange; they have one at Oxford."

Since the famous treading mill has been erected at Brixton, the business of the Union-hall office has greatly declined. The thieves have gone to places where there is greater encouragement. The mill is so constructed, that when a man ventures to be idle in it, he receives a knock on the head.

A steam vessel of *one hundred and fourteen* horse power is now building in Liverpool.

Liverpool, May 1.

A singular feat of pedestrianism is now performing on the Regent Road, North Shore. A man, whose name we have not been able to ascertain, has undertaken to walk *backwards*, for three successive days, in 12 hours, the enormous length of 38 miles a day, being upwards of three miles an hour. About twenty minutes past seven, on Monday morning, he commenced his undertaking, and completed the immense distance of 29 miles at ten minutes past 7 in the evening. Yesterday morning about 5 minutes past 7 he renewed his arduous task, and, although the day was unusually warm for the season of the year, and the interruption from the concourse of people assembled to witness his undertaking considerable, he completed his performance about six minutes before seven. This morning, about the usual time, he resumed his task.

MR. EVERHART.

The following is an extract of a letter from William Everhart, (the only surviving passenger in the dreadful shipwreck of the Albion,) to his wife—The first account received of that fatal occurrence, stated, that only one passenger, and he from Boston, was saved. The distress of an affectionate wife, on the receipt of intelligence like this, must have been deep—But who can paint her feelings, when the tidings reached home that her dearest friend was the being, whom it pleased an overseeing Providence to rescue from the general destruction! Mr. Everhart has been peculiarly fortunate in this dispensation—his pecuniary loss is inconsiderable, a box of his, containing $4000 in silver, having been recovered; and his bills of exchange can be renewed.

"You may still be alarmed, but you need not apprehend any danger befalling me, for God is with me; he alone has protected and saved me, for when I was in the greatest danger my mind was completely composed; though I was sick all the passage, and of course was the weakest and most feeble passenger on board, yet I trusted in our Saviour, and I became strong, and actually underwent more fatigue, I believe, than any that got saved, and continued strong until I got safe on shore, when my strength left me—which clearly proves that God gave me strength, and presence of mind. But I am now very well, and shall leave here in a few days for Liverpool, or as soon as some of the sailors recover of the wounds received. A proof how composed my mind was, while I was in the greatest danger, and what confidence I had in my Redeemer, is that I actually assisted some of those who were drowning and crying for mercy.—The place where the vessel was wrecked was a high and perpendicular rock. I however got on the edge of one of them, and remained there about three hours, the waves beating over me; there was on the rock, at the same time, five or six others, who, I believe, all perished. You will not forget, with the little ones, to render humble thanks to God for my deliverance."

BREACH OF MARRIAGE PROMISE.

At the last session of the Circuit Court of Queen County, New-York, Elizabeth Demott successfully prosecuted Samuel L. Smith, for breach of promise of marriage.

The defendant commenced paying his addresses to Miss Demott, who is the daughter of a very poor but respectable inhabitant of Queen's county, in the winter of 1812, and continued so to do, till the summer of 1821, when he informed Mrs. Demott, that her daughter was a very good girl, but that he had changed his mind for the present, at the same time adding, that if he ever did marry, Elizabeth should be his wife. On the trial, however, he charged the plaintiff with want of chastity, and produced a witness to prove it, who, when the question was put to him, replied that he was not bound to answer it. His insinuations were treated by the court and jury with the contempt they merited; and the character of the plaintiff was sustained by the testimony of so many respectable witnesses that she seemed to acquire additional worth in the eyes of those present, from the base attempt made to injure her reputation. The Judge in charging the jury, said, that the Defendant had destroyed the Plaintiff's peace of mind, perhaps forever; he had gained her affections; he had trifled with them for a great part of her life (nine years;) and had without cause discarded and abandoned her. An exemplary verdict was required to satisfy the demands of justice.

Verdict for the plaintiff, *two thousand* dollars.—The defendant is supposed to be worth between three and four thousand dollars.

From the Norfolk Herald of June 3.

HORRID SUPERSTITION AND IGNORANCE.—A laboring man named Joseph Lewis, living near Deep Creek in Norfolk county, was on Monday apprehended and examined before a magistrate, being charged with having fired at with a gun and killed a free mulatto man of the same neighborhood, named Jack Bass. The facts stated in evidence against the accused were in substance as follows. The wife of Lewis had been for some time complaining of sickness, which both she and her husband sagaciously ascribed to the power of conjuration; in other words they were firmly under the belief that a *spell* had been put upon her by some secret enemy—or to use the technical phrase of the Beotian community in which they resided—that she was "tricked." To place the matter beyond a doubt, and at the same time to discover the secret emissary of Satan who had caused the poor woman's malady, the husband posted off to Portmouth to consult a female oracle, who has for a long time gained a comfortable living in that town by practising the abstruse art of fortune telling, at the expence of the credulous and superstitious from all parts of the surrounding country. This pretended unraveller of mysteries confirmed the suggestion of the wife's being "tricked," and gave such a description of the "tricker" as left no doubt on the husband's mind that his neighbor, Jack Bass, was the man. The impression which such a discovery was calculated to make upon a mind wrapped in the gloom of ignorance and superstition may be readily imagined; but it could scarcely have been supposed that it would have led to so fatal a catastrophe. The miserable dupe is next represented to have gone to the dwelling of Bass, there to have perpetrated the horrid deed for which he was arrested. As he is in the hands of justice it would be improper for us to say any thing that might have the effect of prejudging his case—We shall only add that he was commited to prison—while the *mother of the mischief*, the high priestess of ignorance and folly is left in the undisturbed exercise of her vocation.

Lead Mines.—The lead mines on the Upper Mississippi belonging to the United States, have lately been partly leased, and are expected to be worked on an extensive scale. It is said that the Indians, who own most of the mines in that country, can throw up more mineral, merely by the use of a hoe, or sometimes the bayonet of a musket, fixed on the end of a stick, than large companies have done in other places, after excavating for months with all the implements of art. As an evidence of this fact, one individual, in the last season, has smelted 7 or 800,000 pounds of the mineral, which he obtained after a short intercourse with the Indians; and it is thought not to be transcending the bounds of probability, to say that three million pounds of lead will come down the Mississippi annually, to St. Louis, after the works are properly put in operation.

Alluding to the "*Sketch Book*" of Washington Irving, the London Museum remarks, that "there is a freshness, vigor, and raciness in the performance which will long secure to it a place among our purest British classics."

A Bad Week's Work.—A Circuit Court was held in Westchester county, N. Y. last week, at which two blacks were tried and convicted for breaking and robbing the Store-house of a Mr. Bayles, of Torrington. What is somewhat singular in this instance, is, that they committed the burglary on Friday night, were pursued and taken on Saturday, committed to goal on Sunday morning, indicted on Monday morning, tried and convicted on Tuesday, sentenced on Wednesday, and safely lodged in the State prison by the Sheriff of that county on Thursday.

Col. John L. Hopkins, who in the spring of 1819, had an affray with Mr. M'Queen M'Intosh, at Darien, in which Mr. M'Intosh was killed, and who was convicted of Manslaughter, and sentenced to three years imprisonment in the penitentiary, but escaped by the connivance, as was supposed, of the sheriff, recently arrived at Savannah in the ship Georgia, from Liverpool. Immediately upon his arrival, he gave himself up to the custody of the sheriff of that county. It will be remembered a reward of $500 was offered by the Governor, for his apprehension.

Remarkable.—Captain Johnson, of the schooner Florida, of New-York, trading among the Bahamas, has within a few months, saved the British brig Ann of London, twice. The first time he fell in with her ashore, on her passage from Jamaica to Havana. He bought the brig and cargo in that situation, loaded the Florida, got the brig off, and sold her to one of the passengers. The brig proceeded to Havana, and captain Johnson to St. Mary's, where he sold *his* cargo. Some time after, he found the Ann ashore again on her passage from Havana to the River of Plate, with a cargo of sugar, indigo, &c. and purchased, and got her off a second time. He loaded his schr. again, and both proceeded to St. Mary's, where a great sale was made.

Miraculous Occurrence.—Last week Mr. King a respectable butcher in Washington market, but who had been unfortunate in business, met his creditors, according to appointment, in the New-York Marine Court, where, in their presence, he answered to certain interrogatories. One of the creditors said to him, "Mr. K. are you willing to swear to all that you have said?" "Certainly," said he. The justice presented him the Bible, on which Mr. K. laid his hand, and while the justice was uttering the words of the oath, Mr. K. *fell dead upon the floor!*

The sudden death of Mr. King, late of the Washington Market, about the period when he was prepared to take the oath of insolvency, has created a deep sensation. To be struck suddenly with death is at all times awful, but at the moment when it is supposed the hand is on the bible to take an oath, leads to the suspicion that something false was intended, and only arrested by the catastrophe. The solemnity of an oath should always be duly considered, but we apprehend, in this instance, that nothing improper was in contemplation by Mr. King, neither is the fact exactly stated. He was in the act of taking out his spectacles to read the oath when he fell dead. Mr. King was a prisoner on the limits, and was a poor man; he had nothing to give his creditors, and therefore could not have sworn falsely. His physicians have stated that he had long labored under an affection of the chest, which they regarded as hydrothorax, accompanied by an organic affection of the heart, which may have caused his sudden death, particularly when agitated by his situation.—*Nat. Adv.*

All for Love.—The Salem Register mentions a report of a duel having taken place in the neighborhood of that town, between two gallants, who resolved to blow each other's brains out because they could not both marry one girl. They had two meetings. At the first they fought with muskets, at four paces, but neither shot took effect.—At the second meeting, one of the *seconds* fell, in consequence of a misdirected fire occasioned by the trepidation of one of the *principals!* A few more such duels we think would put an end to the practice, as the seconds, no matter how willing they be that their friends should fall, would hardly encounter the risk of being shot themselves.

Dreadful Accident.—On Wednesday, of last week, a pleasure boat was upset in a pond in Sutton, (Mass.) It contained five ladies and two gentlemen. Four of the former were unfortunately drowned—Mary and Hannah Marble, daughters of the widow Andrew Marble, Nancy Tenney, daughter of Maj. Daniel Tenney, and Adeline Lombard. The gentlemen and one of the ladies saved themselves by holding to the side of the boat. The victims were from 16 to 20 years old.—*Providence Jour.*

Fire.—Between 5 and 6 o'clock, on Wednesday afternoon, at New-York, an explosion of gun-powder took place at Vauxhall Garden, in a building used for preparing Fire Works. The building was immediately enveloped in flames, which communicated to the dwelling houses of Mr. Gilbert Coutant, and Mr. Jacob Shureman, thence to the store of Mr. Coutant, which with three buildings in the rear, were all consumed. Although the property destroyed was valuable, yet we have to communicate a more distressing event. A person by the name of Mullen employed preparing the powder, was killed by the explosion—another man, John M'Donough, was burnt to cinders during the conflagration.

The following interesting article is extracted from the London New Monthly Magazine for April:

"Government has resolved to terminate all the commercial difficulties which have for some time subsisted between this country and North America. Instructions *have been sent* to the several West-India Islands, that the ports should be opened *immediately* to the direct trade of the United States, upon the principles of reciprocity which have been proposed by the American Government.

The Grand Jury of Columbia County, South Carolina, present as a grievance the "unwarrantable expression of language by members of the Bar towards contending clients and witnesses, and a certain perplexing and irritating manner of interrogating witnesses, with a view to embarrass them and provoke apparent contradiction in their testimony."

From Mobile.—Mobile papers to the 10th ult. state that they every day hear of damages sustained on the Tombigbee and Alabama Rivers, by the late extraordinary freshet. In many instances whole families were obliged to resort to the roofs of their houses for safety, and there remain for the water to subside. The loss of stock, and injury to plantations, &c. must be severely felt.

NORTHAMPTON, (Penn.) May 28.

Sheep.—Some farmers in this vicinity have lost a great number of sheep in the last and preceding winters, and on examination have found near the roots of the horn a number of grubs or worms. In some cases more than twenty of these have been taken from the head of one sheep from half an inch to an inch in length. As the cause, prevention and cure seem to be little understood in this part of the country, we have been requested to notice the subject with a view of eliciting information from those who are able to give it. Any thing regarding this most useful animal must be interesting to the community.

The youngest son of Burns the Poet, says the London Gazette, is one of the British officers who was engaged in an action fought in Mongrade, East Indies, on the 21st October, 1821.—This "chip of the old block" is stated to have attracted the notice of the commanding officer, and to have contributed greatly to the victory by his gallant conduct in the field.

FROM ST. DOMINGO.

Accounts from St. Domingo to the 7th of May, state, that every thing remained tranquil, with the exception of daily depredations committed by the soldiers and subaltern officers, which is the cause of a daily emigration to the Maine and neighbouring Islands of (the whites) French and Spaniards. Every possible measure is taken to restrict and depress commerce.—Duties on imports and exports have augmented fifty per cent. Their principal object appears to be in cultivating the land, and stopping the cutting of all kinds of wood—and they have obliged the most part of their people employed in that service to take up arms in the Haytien army. An English man of war brig is cruising off this port, to protect their commerce. On the 1st instant, the Haytien schr. Corsair was totally lost on the rocks, going into the Bay. The pilot and ten men were drowned, or rather supposed to have been killed in consequence of having got her ashore.

FROM CURRACOA.

Our attentive Correspondent, at Carraccas, says the Baltimore Federal Republican, has forwarded to us the Anglo-Colombiano, of May 4th, from which we give the subsequent account:

Destruction of Morales.—The commandant of this city received this morning (7th,) an official communication from the commandant of La Guyra with the following intelligence.

A Dutch schooner that left Curracoa on the 29th, reports the entire defeat of Morales by the division of Colonel Penango and Colonel Heras, who had placed him between two fires near Los Puertos.—His division is said to be entirely destroyed, and he himself to have escaped singly to the mountains.

Despatches were received the 15th inst. from Gen. Soublette, in Barsiquimeto, with the important intelligence, that on the 24th of April, two divisions of Morales' army crossed over the lake of Maracaybo from the Puertos in boats obtained from the Indians, and marched on for the city of Maracaybo. One of these divisions is commanded by colonel Ballasteros, amounting to upwards of 300 men was completely annihilated—not a single man escaping! This victory, however, was obtained with the lamented loss of the brave and distinguished Heras. Ballesteros also was killed. The other division had been summoned to surrender; all the boats in which they passed have been destroyed, and they cannot now escape.

Morales, on learning the fate of this action, commenced his retreat from Los Puertos, on the 2d, a place about ten leagues from Pedregal, who, 'ere this, must be completely defeated, and taken prisoner by the very respectable divisions of cols. Penango, Reyes, Vargas, and Torres, who had marched to attack him.

The Old Sea Serpent at last.

The New-York National Advocate of Thursday, contains the following article:—

Mr. John Beers, a resident of Middletown, county of Monmouth, (N. J.) who arrived in this city on Wednesday night last, and states, that a monstrous creature, between 30 and 40 feet in length, and eighteen feet round, was captured on Monday last, in a Cove, at Brown's Point, near Middletown Point. The monster was discovered for two or three days previously, having the appearance of a large log floating, with two bunches, which afterwards proved to be fins. Two men shot balls into him from muskets, which had no effect.—He continued flouncing about, but was unable, from the shallowness of the water, to get off. Five or six boats were then rigged and manned, and went in pursuit, and succeeded in putting five harpoons into him, which drove him on the shore, where they lanced and killed him. The creature has been skinned, and it required two hours and six men to drag the skin about two hundred yards, which is to be stuffed, and will be brought to this city on Tuesday next. A number of old whalers and other seamen have been to view it, and they all declare that they never have seen any animal of the same kind, and from the description given of a sea serpent, they consider it one of that species. That he had no entrails, no heart, but a liver which produced 4 barrels oil, had six rows of small sharp white teeth. The upper part of the tail is about 7 feet, and lower about three feet; the skin is of leadish colour, and will sharpen a knife like a stone. The throat large enough to pass a large man.

☞ Doctor Mitchell says this animal is neither whale nor flesh, but absolutely fish, of the shark species. He conjectures it to be what is familiarly called the *basking shark*—the most inoffensive of the race, and the first that has been caught in our waters.

A number of hog-heads of rum were *smuggled* ashore last night at Tileston's wharf. A store partly unoccupied was broken open, and the rum, in order to conceal it, was there deposited; the owner no doubt intending to remove it the first opportunity. But unluckily the rum was so strongly flavoured, that an officer of the customs immediately smelt it out, when for safe keeping it was removed to Custom House street. The owner, who no doubt viewed the whole transaction, thought it most prudent to be silent, or peradventure he grumbled to himself with Hamlet, "but break my *heart* for I must hold my tongue" He is requested to pay the wharfage and storage.

[*Boston Eve. Gaz.*

The following *interesting* advertisement is taken from the Baltimore Patriot of the 4th instant:—

"*To the Public.*—The public are hereby notified that, in the month of February last, the subscriber *unfortunately* was married to a *woman* by the name of *Bridget Riley*, who he now finds has another husband living in Ireland, by the name of O'Hara. As he does not wish any longer to interfere in another man's concerns, and to avoid all difficulty by conflicting titles hereafter, *all* persons are hereby notified not to credit the said *Bridget* upon the subscriber's account as he will not pay any debts she may hereafter contract, for the marriage is void in law, and 'Richard is himself again.'

"BARNA DONOHO,
"*Not Barna the Cow Dealer.*
"Baltimore, May 29."

Deforcement of a Constable.—Abraham Wright, of Westchester, N. Y. was sentenced at the Circuit Court held last week in that place, to seven years imprisonment in the state prison at hard labor, under the following circumstances:—Isaac Denike, constable of the town of Cortlandt, in the same county, in attempting to serve a peace warrant on Wright was forbid to enter the house. Finding the doors barred and Wright armed with a loaded musket threatening to kill the first man who entered, declaring at the same time that his house was his castle, and that no officer should take him, Mr. Denike regardless of his threats, entered the house by force Wright instantly discharged his gun and fortunately for both the contents were repelled by a pocket book containing upwards of two hundred thicknesses of paper deposited in his side pocket near his left breast: a few shots entered his left arm and were afterwards extracted; two witnesses only were sworn on the trial. The counsel for the defendent abandoned the defence. The Jury without leaving their seats pronounced a verdict of guilty